



# FLOWERS AND I

**Manorama Jafa**

Illustrations: Jaya Rastogi Wheaton • Sudhir Kasliwal







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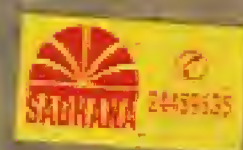
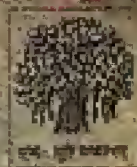
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Mohan collects stamps  
Rita collects feathers  
Sohan collects shells  
Zeenat collects coins  
I must collect something different  
Yes, I'll collect flowers.





I go to my garden  
I see roses and marigolds  
poppies, sweet peas, pansies and hibiscus  
I pick a flower of each  
And press them in my father's dictionary.



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In my neighbour's garden  
I spot colourful cosmos  
Many zinnias and pinks  
I tiptoe into the garden  
The *mali* catches me red-handed  
Soon our neighbour arrives  
I tell him about my hobby  
He gives me many phloxes, snapdragons and hollyhocks  
I happily bring them home  
And press them in my books.



Phlox



Sunflower



Pansy





Snapdragon

Morning Glory

Hollyhocks



One day, on the way to school  
I see the bright yellow sunflower, the lovely white  
champa and delicate spider lily,  
I leave my bag  
And pick the beautiful flowers.

Sunflower

Lily

Champa







Jatropha



One day Ma tells me,  
"Ravi, why not collect flowers from trees too!"  
So I gather the flowers of the silk cotton  
and the flame of the forest  
I collect the pink camel's foot  
and the yellow laburnum  
And press them in my heavy books.  
I collect flowers  
For ten long months  
I save my pocket money  
And buy five albums.







Camel's Foot

Silk Cotton



In one album  
I stick the seasonal flowers  
Like poppies, sweet peas and pansies  
In the second  
Flowers from trees  
Like the silk cotton and camel's foot  
In the third  
Flowers from shrubs and hedges  
Like the tiny lantana and red hibiscus





One sunny morning  
In early spring  
We bring our collection  
And sit under a tree.











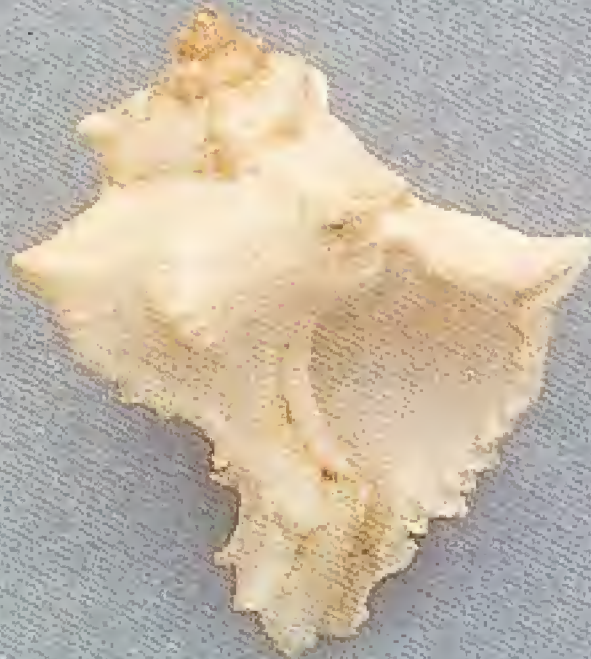


Rita shows her collection  
Of big feathers, small feathers  
Peacock feathers, hoopoe feathers  
Many different kinds of feathers.





Sohan shows his shells  
Tiny shells, large shells  
Spotted shells and white shells  
Of different sizes and shapes.













Zeenat shows her coins  
Silver coins and brass coins  
Round, square and six-corner coins  
New and old, big and small coins.





Now it is my turn  
I open my five albums  
One by one



Calendula



Pansy



Tecoma



And show my neatly pressed flowers  
And also the slips with their names  
And places where they grow.



Pot Marigold



Hibiscus



Salvia





Parrot's Bill (Cianthus)



My friends see my collection  
“How beautiful,” admires Rita  
“It is a grand collection,” admits Mohan  
“You are a real genius,” says Zeenat  
“I like this new hobby,” says Sohan  
“Let’s also keep our collections like Ravi,”  
suggests Rita.



Morning Glory



Mohan makes his stamp-album  
Rita, her feather-album  
Zeenat her coin-album  
Just like me  
Sohan puts his shells in a showcase  
We now all keep our different collections  
In a room in Sohan's house  
This is our own small museum.











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